



A  
PIPE of TOBACCO.  
I N  
IMITATION  
O F  
SIX SEVERAL AUTHORS.



*(Price, Six-pence.)*

THE TOBACCO  
SMOKER'S

IMITATION

PIPE OF TOBACCO

IN

IMITATION

OF

SIX SEVERAL AUTHORS

HOWEVER

(Price, Six-pence)

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The THIRD EDITION, with NOTES.

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L O N D O N:

Printed for W. BICKERTON, in the Temple-  
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(Price, Six-pence.)





# IMITATION

THE SEVERAL

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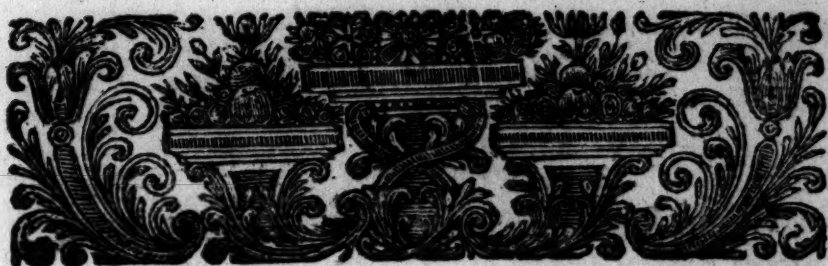


T H E  
P U B L I S H E R  
T O T H E  
R E A D E R.



Friend of mine having sent me some Observations on the *Latin* MOTTOS at the Head of these very ingenious IMITATIONS, I thought it would not be unacceptable to the *English* Readers to have them inserted by way of Notes.





A  
PIPE of TOBACCO.

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IMITATION I.

\* *Laudes egregii Cæsaris* ———  
*Culpa deterere ingeni* ——— HOR.

A NEW-YEAR's ODE.

RECITATIVO.



LD Battle-array big with Horror is fled,  
And Olive-rob'd Peace again lifts up  
her Head :

Sing, ye Muses, TOBACCO, the Blessing of Peace;  
Was ever a Nation so blessed as this !

A I R.

\* This is a Sneer on one who thought it his peculiar, distinguish'd Province, to celebrate the great Praises of a very extraordinary and most illustrious Monarch : Yet shamefully sneaks and debases them, by a most deplorable Defect of Wit and Dulness of Genius.



( 6 )

A I R.

When Summer Suns grow red with Heat  
TOBACCO tempers *Phæbus*' Ire ;  
When Wintry Storms around us beat,  
TOBACCO cheers with gentle Fire.  
Yellow Autumn, youthful Spring,  
In thy Praises jointly sing.

RECITATIVO.

Like *Neptune*, *Cæsar* guards *Virginian* Fleets,  
Fraught with TOBACCO's balmy Sweets ;  
Old Ocean trembles at *Britannia*'s Pow'r,  
And *Boreas* is afraid to roar.

A I R.

Happy Mortal ! he who knows  
Pleasure which a PIPE bestows ;  
Curling Eddies climb the Room,  
Wafting round a mild Perfume.

RECIT-

## RECITATIVO.

Let foreign Climes the Vine and Orange boast,  
 While Wastes of War deform the teeming Coast;  
*Britannia*, distant from each hostile Sound,  
 Enjoys a PIPE, with Ease and Freedom crown'd:  
 E'en restless Faction finds itself most free,  
 Or if a Slave, a Slave to Liberty.

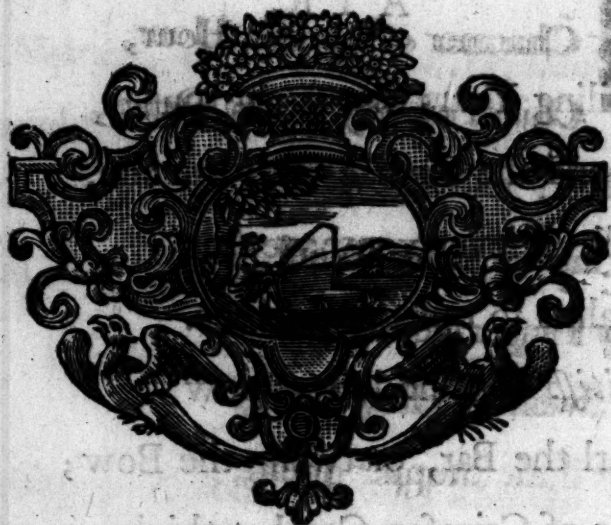
## A I R.

Smiling Years that gayly run  
 Round the Zodiac with the Sun,  
 Tell, if ever you have seen  
 Realms so quiet and serene.  
*British* Sons no longer now  
 Hurl the Bar, or twang the Bow;  
 Nor of Crimson Combat think,  
 But securely smoke and drink.

C H O-

## CHORUS.

Smiling Years, that gayly run  
 Round the Zodiac with the Sun;  
 Tell, if ever you have seen  
 Realms so quiet and serene.



-IMITA-





## IMITATION II.

\*——*Tenues fugit ceu Fumus in auras.*

VIRG.



Little TUBE of mighty Pow'r,  
Charmer of an idle Hour,  
Object of my warm Desire,

Lip of Wax, and Eye of Fire:

And thy snowy taper Waist,

With my Finger gently brac'd;

And thy swelling ashey Crest,

With my little Stopper prest;

A

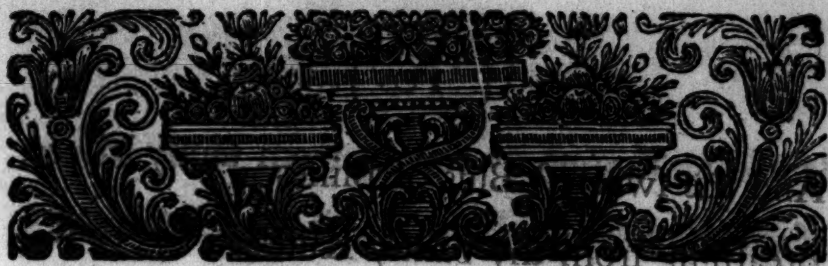
And

\* This is spoken by *Virgil*, of the sudden vanishing of *Anchises's* Form, which had appear'd to *Aeneas*. The Imitation seems, by this Motto, to satirise that low, trifling way of Writing, which, having no Solidity in it, vanishes, and is gone as soon as Smoak that mixes itself and is lost in the great thin Air.

And the sweetest Bliss of Bliss,  
Breathing from thy balmy Kisses.

Happy thrice, and thrice agen,  
Happiest he of happy Men ;  
Who when agen the Night returns,  
When agen the Taper burns ;  
When agen the Cricket's gay,  
(Little Cricket, full of Play)  
Can afford his Tube to feed  
With the fragrant *Indian* Weed :  
Pleasure for a Nose divine,  
Incense of the God of Wine.  
Happy thrice, and thrice agen,  
Happiest he of happy Men.





# IMITATION III.

§ ——— *prorumpit ad Æthera nubem,*  
*Turbine fumantem piceo* ———

VIRG.



Thou, matur'd by glad *Hesperian* Suns,  
 TOBACCO, Fountain pure of \* *lim-*  
*pid Truth,*

*That looks the very Soul;* whence pouring Thought  
*Swarms all the Mind;* absorpt is yellow Care,  
 † *And at each Puff Imagination burns.*  
 Flash on thy Bard, and with exalting Fires  
 Touch the mysterious Lip that chaunts thy Praise  
 In Strains to mortal Sons of Earth unknown.

B 2

Behold

§ This is spoken of Mount *Ætna* sending up black, smoking, pitchy Clouds into the Skies; and is here apply'd to the turgid obscure Writer.

\* Poem on Liberty, Ver. 12.

† Ibid. Ver. 16.



Behold an Engine, wrought from tauny Mines,  
 Of ~~the~~ *Clay*, with \* *plastic Virtue* form'd,  
 And glaz'd magnific o'er, I grasp, I fill.

From || *Pætotheke* with pungent Pow'rs per-  
 fum'd,

† *Itself one Tortoise all*, where *shines imbib'd*  
*Each Parent Ray*; then rudely ram'd illume,  
 With the red Touch of Zeal-enkindling Sheet,  
 ‡ *Mark'd with Gibsonian Lore*; forth issue  
 Clouds,

Thought - thrilling, Thirst - inciting Clouds  
 around,

And many-mining Fires: I all the While,  
 Lolling at Ease, § *inhale* the breezy Balm.  
 But chief, when *Bacchus wont with thee to join*,  
*In genial Strife* and Orthodoxal Ale,  
 ||| *Stream Life and Joy into the Muses Bowl*.

-A T I M E

Oh

\* Poem on Liberty, Ver. 104.

|| A Poetical Word for a Tobacco-box.

† Ibid. Ver. 243, 245. ‡ Ibid. Ver. 247.

§ Poem on Liberty, Ver. 309. ||| Ibid. Ver. 171.

Oh be Thou still my great Inspirer, Thou  
 My Muse; Oh fan me with thy Zephyr's Boon,  
 While I, in clouded Tabernacle shrin'd,  
 Burst forth all Oracle and mystic Song. ||



IMITA-



## IMITATION IV.

\* ——— *bullatis mihi nugis*

*Pagina turgescat, dare pondus idonea Fumo.*

PERS.



**C**RITICS avaunt! TOBACCO is my  
Theme;

Tremble like Hornets at the blasting  
Steam.

And you, Court-insects, flutter not too near  
Its Light, nor buzz within the scorching Sphere.  
*Pollio*, with Flame like thine my Verse inspire,  
So shall the Muse from Smoke elicit Fire.

Cox-

\* *Perseus* says,

*Non equidem Studio bullatis, &c.*

It is not my Intention, or Desire, to write in such swelling ridiculous Manner, as is fit for nothing else but to add Heaviness to Smoke and Darkness. The Author of these Imitations applies his Motto so as to reverse the Meaning of *Perseus*, and makes the Writer, he is here imitating, express a Fondness for that Sort of Style which *Perseus* protests against.



Coxcombs prefer the tickling Stink of Snuff,  
 Yet all their Claim to Wisdom is — a Puff:  
 Lord *Foplin* smokes not — for his Teeth afraid,  
 Sir *Tawdry* smokes not — for he wears Brocade:  
 Ladies, when Pipes are brought affect to swoon;  
 They love no *Smoke*, except the *Smoke* of Town:  
 But Courtiers hate the puffing Tribe, — no matter,  
 Strange if they love the *Breath* that cannot  
*flatter!*

Its Foes but shew their Ignorance, can *He*  
 Who scorns the *Leaf* of Knowledge, love the  
*Tree?*  
 The tainted Templar (more prodigious yet)  
 Rails at *Tobacco*, tho' it makes him — spit.  
*Citronia* vows it has an odious Stink;  
 She will not smoke (ye Gods!) but she will  
 drink:

And chaste *Prudella* (blame her if you can)  
 Says, Pipes are us'd by that vile Creature *Man*:  
 Yet

Yet Crowds remain, who still its Worth pro-

claim,

While some for Pleasure smoke, and some for

*Fame :*

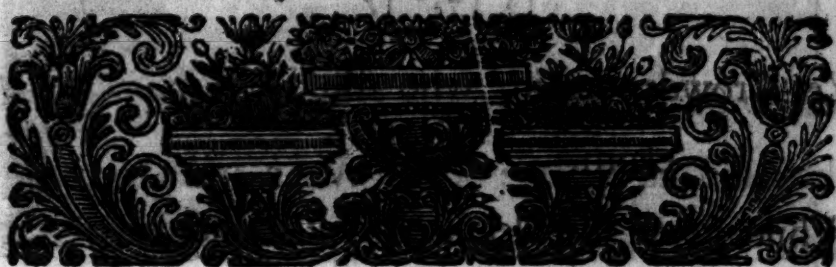
Fame, of our Actions universal Spring,

For which we drink, eat, sleep, smoke; —

*ev'ry* Thing.



**-ATIMI**



## IMITATION V.

\* *Vanescit Solis ad ortus*

*Fumus,*

LUCAN.



LEST Leaf! whose aromatic Gales  
dispense  
To Templers Modesty, to Parsons  
Sense:

So raptur'd Priests, at fam'd *Dodona's* Shrine

Drank Inspiration from the Steam divine.

Poison that cures, a Vapour that affords

Content, more solid than the Smile of Lords:

C

Rest

\* This is intended as a great Compliment to the Poet imitated, who is here represented as the Sun, at whose Rising the Smoke, or Fog, is immediately dispers'd; his Writing being so fine and pure, that it suffers no Obscurity to attend it.



Rest to the Weary, to the Hungry Food;  
 The last kind Refuge of the Wise and Good;  
 Inspir'd by Thee, dull Cits adjust the Scale  
 Of *Europe's* Peace, when other Statesmen fail.  
 By Thee protected, and thy Sister Beer,  
 Poets rejoice, nor think the Bailiff near.  
 Nor less, the Critic owns thy genial Aid,  
 While supperless he plies the piddling Trade.  
 What tho' to Love and soft Delights a Foe,  
 By Ladies hated, hated by the Beau;  
 Yet social Freedom, long to Courts unknown,  
 Fair Health, fair Truth, and Virtue are thy own.  
 Come to thy Poet, come with healing Wings,  
 And let me taste Thee *unexcis'd* by Kings.





## IMITATION VI.

\* ——— *Ex Fumo dare lucem :*

HOR.



BOY! bring an Ounce of *Weekley's*

best,

And bid the Vicar be my Guest :

Let all be plac'd in Manner due,

A Pot, wherein to spit, or spue,

And *London Journal*, and *Free Briton*,

Of Use to light a Pipe, or \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*

C 2

This

\* This represents a Writer who does not throw Obscurity on shining and great Subjects, but strikes Light out of the dullest and the most trifling.

This Village, unmolested yet  
 By Troopers, shall be my Retreat;  
 Who cannot flatter, bribe, betray;  
 Who cannot write or vote for \*\*\*  
 Far from the Vermin of the Town,  
 Here let me rather live, my own;  
 Doze o'er a Pipe, whose Vapour bland  
 In sweet Oblivion lulls the Land;  
 Of all, which at *Vienna* passes,  
 As ignorant as \*\*\* *Brass* is:  
 And scorning Rascals to caress,  
 Extol the Days of good Queen *Bess*,  
 When first *TOBACCO* blest our Isle,  
 Then think of other Queens and smile.

Come jovial Pipe, and bring along  
 Midnight Revelry and Song;  
 The merry Catch, the Madrigal,  
 That ecchoes sweet in City Hall;

The



*The Parson's Pun, the smutty Tale*

*Of Country Justice, o'er his Ale.*

*I ask not what the French are doing,*

*Or Spain to compass Britain's Ruin :*

*Britons, if undone, can go,*

*Where TOBACCO loves to grow.*

*The E N D.*



The Parson's Pen, the Parson's

Of Country Justice, &c. &c. &c.

I am not what the French are

Or Spain to compare Britain's

Britons, if only 50 AMG 9

Where TOBACCO loves to grow.

THE END.

